

sheep cult

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sheep cult

by [klesek](#)

blue sweaters

“Blue!!”

Blue was sitting next to Companion near Eret’s Castle, feeding the Companion wheat. He turned to see Ghostbur and Spirit running at him, Friend and Bud walking behind them at their own pace.

“Blue!” Ghostbur skidded to a halt. “We have an idea! A really good idea!”

“Follow us,” Spirit nodded. “Bring Companion with you!”

“Hold on,” Blue stood up. “What’s your idea?”

“You’ll see,” Ghostbur grinned. “Just come with us!”

Blue squinted, but followed them with Companion following him.

They led him to the Community House, and up to the top floor. With the help of leashes and a defiance of logic, they also got the sheep up there.

They all sat down.

“So,” Ghostbur clapped. “We’ve had an amazing idea!”

“A cult!” Spirit exclaimed.

Blue stared at them. “What?”

“A sheep cult!” Ghostbur grinned. “It’ll be fun, look- we make sweaters and feed the sheep and have lots of fun!”

“That sounds more like some sort of club,” Blue tilted his head.

Ghostbur waved the thought away. “Shhh, it’s a cult, we’ll get to that bit in a sec.”

Blue blinked. “...okay.”

“You’re in?” Ghostbur asked.

“Sure,” Blue shrugged, still not entirely sure how this was a cult.

“Great,” Spirit grinned. “Ghostbur and I need sheep wool sweaters now.”

“I mean, you know how to do it,” Blue pointed out. “If you’re me.”

Ghostbur and Spirit glanced at each other. “We may have... forgotten...” Ghostbur laughed nervously.

“Really?” Blue raised an eyebrow. “You forgot how to make a sweater?”

“Look, it’s not like we’re not doing anything else,” Spirit defended himself.

“And what exactly are you doing?” Blue asked.

Ghostbur hesitated. “Okay, not much, but still. It’s been a while.”

“There are no shears in hell,” Spirit added. “So I can’t really do anything about it.”

“Sometimes I remember that you’re... you,” Ghostbur glanced at Spirit.

Spirit bowed. “Thank you.”

“I...” Ghostbur shook his head. “Whatever. Shall we start?”

“Alright, yeah,” Blue nodded. “Do you both have shears?”

Ghostbur pulled out a pair of shears, while Spirit raised an eyebrow.

Blue pulled out two pairs of shears and handed one to Spirit. “I have almost a half stack of shears in my Inventory.”

“Why?” Spirit asked.

“You tell me,” Blue shrugged. “Anyways, let’s get to shearing.”

He pulled Companion closer to him, beginning to shear the soft wool off. It was very very soft, even if a sweater made out of it looked itchy. It wasn’t. It was actually the most comfy thing Blue thought he’d ever worn. No clue why Ghostbur and Spirit didn’t wear the blue sweater anymore.

Actually, that was a good question.

“Hey, why do you guys not wear the blue sweater anymore?” Blue asked.

“It broke at some point or another,” Ghostbur shrugged, not turning from shearing Friend. “I dunno when, but I didn’t even notice it tore until it was too late to sew it back up.”

Blue frowned, turning back to Companion.

This was very fun to do, it was nice to feel the soft wool, and the sheep loved it. It was relaxing for the both of them. Tommy would probably love to make a sweater, he was good at sewing. Surprisingly patient.

Soon, all three of them had a block of wool. It was more of a vaguely cube-shaped lump of wool, not really a block. Friend and Companion’s wool was blue, but Bud’s wool was more of a cyan color.

“Okay, now what?” Spirit asked.

“Well, usually you would need sewing things,” Blue said thoughtfully. “But with the help of crafting tables and spite, I think we can make this work.”

“Be right back,” Spirit stood up, then jumped off the top floor of the Community House down to the bottom floor. He came back up ten seconds later with a crafting table.

“What the heck?” Ghostbur blinked.

“I don’t take fall damage,” Spirit grinned. “Really helpful. And funny.”

“Lucky,” Blue laughed.

They all put the wool in the crafting table, Blue showing them how to position it to make it into a sweater, or at least something that could be made into a sweater.

Blue picked up his sweater from the crafting table, smiling at it. “Not my best work, but I think it’s pretty good.”

Spirit and Ghostbur also had pretty good looking sweaters. They immediately both put them on, somehow covering the other sweater even though they looked smaller, and the sleeves still covering their hands.

“I don’t think the sweater is the thing that defies physics,” Ghostbur stared at the sweater. He looked down. “Hey, you can’t see the blue scar thingy!”

Spirit looked down at his sweater. Unfortunately for him, Bud’s wool was more cyan than blue, so the lines on his arms and torso still showed up. And since *his* blue scar thing was more gray-ish than blue, it also showed up.

“That’s not fair,” He crossed his arms.

“What are those blue lines?” Blue pointed to his sweater.

“This is a sidefic, not an angst plot chapter,” Spirit picked up the pair of shears and gave them back to Blue.

Blue put both pairs of shears back in his Inventory. He also put the wool he didn’t use in his Inventory.

“Now what?” Blue asked.

“We obtain members,” Spirit grinned.

expansion

Chapter Notes

HI

sorry i havent updated the main fic in a while!! ive been on vacation >:] it was very fun but! i have written a chapter and a half of this! and i have lots of fluff planned! so! look forward to that!

enjoy!

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Spirit was on a fucking mission. And this mission was to create a cult. It wasn't very cult-like, and thinking about it, he didn't really know what a cult was actually like. But he did know that to have a cult, you need members!

First up, was to see if any of the other Wilburs were interested. They probably wouldn't be able to contribute much, as they did not have sheep. But their presence would be thanked.

Luckily, the group was currently in Resurrectedbur's time, so not only could Spirit ask the Wilburs if they would join, but he could also ask Tommy from this time if he wanted to join! And Tommy actually had a Friend! ...somehow? Even though Friend died, and Resurrectedbur said he saw Friend die. How was there still a Friend here?

....it was better not to question it.

In front of him stood Ghostbur and Blue, back on the top of the Community House, even in a different time. They didn't really have a leader, but Spirit, being the oldest (by fifteen years, three weeks, or six and a half months depending on how you looked at it), and being the only one who would swear, was kind of in charge.

“So!” Spirit clapped. “We need to get members. The other Wilburs. Tommy from this time. Anyone else you think would want to join.”

“I think I should get Tommy,” Ghostbur spoke up. “Since I’d be the person he’s most familiar with, besides Resurrectedbur.”

“Makes sense,” Spirit nodded. “Blue?”

“I’ll go after L’mabur and Resurrectedbur,” Blue smiled. “They both seem like they would join just to be nice then try to leave but we wouldn’t let them.”

“That’s the spirit!” Spirit grinned. “No pun intended.”

“Shall we go?” Ghostbur suggested.

“Yes!” Spirit nodded again. “Meet back here once you have your person or persons.”

Ghostbur and Blue ran down the stairs, going the same way, but splitting somewhere down the Prime Path.

Spirit glanced at Friend, Bud, and Companion’s leashes to make sure they wouldn’t be running off and die anytime soon- actually, *could* Bud die?

...best not to think about that.

He jumped down to the bottom floor, immediately heading towards where he knew a few of the Wilburs were.

Resurrectedbur was showing L'manbur around the Server somewhere, so Blue would be going after them. Alivebur and Deadbur, however, were at Foolish's summer home. Spirit would question why they were there, but he couldn't blame them for wanting to look around it.

He went through the Nether Portal, and navigated through the Nether to the Portal to the summer home, ignoring Nether mobs. When he came out of the Portal on the other side, he looked around. He had never really been over here.

....holy fucking shit.

Even the Nether Portal was gigantic.

He looked around a lot as he ran down the path to the Temple. This place was really big and fancy and impressive. To think that Foolish had built this by himself...

He turned the corner to the Temple, and saw Alivebur and Deadbur wandering around inside, admiring the build.

“Alivebur!” Spirit called. “Deadbur!”

Both of the Wilburs turned to face him at the sound of his voice. He ran up to them.

“Hi!” Spirit paused to catch his breath. He ran the entire way here.

“Uh.. hi,” Alivebur greeted. “Do you need something?”

“Kind of!” Spirit grinned. “I have an offer for you.”

“Oh no,” Deadbur sighed.

“It’s nothing bad,” Spirit said. “It’s just a cult!”

“Are you fucking insane?” Alivebur asked, though it was more of a statement than an actual question. Like a rhetorical question but judgy.

“Possibly,” Spirit nodded eagerly. “But don’t worry. I don’t know what happens in a cult. I’m just calling it that. As Blue described it, it’s more like a fun little club that we have!”

“And what is this “cult”?” Deadbur asked.

“A sheep cult!” Spirit replied. “We have meetings whenever we feel like it, and in those meetings we just make sweaters! Or feed the sheep.” He paused. “I haven’t really figured it all out yet.”

“Mmmm.. I’m good,” Deadbur shrugged.

“Party pooper,” Spirit muttered. “Alivebur?”

“Thanks but no thanks,” Alivebur shook his head.

“Asshole,” Spirit muttered.

“Wait, how come he’s just a party pooper but I’m an asshole?” Alivebur asked indignantly.

Spirit smirked and turned around, starting to walk back.

“WHAT THE FUCK!” Alivebur shouted after him, and Spirit started running, laughing. He could hear Deadbur laughing too.

Spirit went back through the Portal, through the Nether, and back to the Community House.

Neither Ghostbur nor Blue were back yet, so he sat down next to the sheep and took some shears and dye from the chest next to him, and started making sweaters.

Chapter End Notes

:] <https://ghostbur-daily.tumblr.com/post/660189155372957696/i-got-a-blue-sheep-pop-thing-so-here-u-go>

to go away on a summer day never seemed so clear!

Chapter Notes

pure fluff :DDD
i had so much fun writing this :]

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Blue ran down the Prime Path, looking around for Resurrectedbur and L'manbur. He knew they were looking around the server, Resurrectedbur telling L'manbur a bit about the history. So he went to the Museum.

"...e Camarvan, though it's just a-" Resurrectedbur was saying.

"Hi!" Blue interrupted him. "Whatcha doin'?"

"Oh, hi," L'manbur turned to face him. "Resurrectedbur is showing me the Museum!"

Blue nodded. "Cool. Well, Ghostbur, Spirit and I made a thing and we want you guys to join!"

"Join?" Resurrectedbur asked at the same time L'manbur asked, "What is it?"

"Well. Spirit calls it a cult," Blue frowned. "It's really more of a club. I don't think Spirit understands what a cult is."

"Aren't you just past Spirit?" L'manbur asked. "If you know, wouldn't he?"

"I dunno," Blue shrugged. "But anyways! Wanna join?"

"What is this "cult" for, though?" Resurrectedbur asked.

"Sheep!" Blue replied. "We all just make sweaters and have fun!"

L'manbur hesitated. "Uh... sure? I guess?"

Blue grinned. "Yess! Thank you! Resurrectedbur?"

"No thanks," Resurrectedbur shook his head. "You have fun."

Blue smiled. "Okie! Seeya!" He grabbed L'manbur's arm. "Let's go!"

L'manbur pulled his arm back. "Wait, what?"

Blue smiled. "We have a meeting right now! At the Community House!"

"O-oh, okay, um," L'manbur glanced back at Resurrectedbur. "Do I need to... bring anything?"

"Nope!" Blue chirped. "Unless you have a sheep, a sweater, or wool!"

"I have... none of those," L'manbur said slowly.

"That's fine!" Blue grabbed his arm. "Let's go!"

“Good luck!” Resurrectedbur called as Blue led L’mibur away. “You’ll be needing it!”

“Wait, what do you mean good luck-” L’mibur tried to turn to Resurrectedbur.

“Nothing!” Blue grinned, pulling him faster.

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Ghostbur walked down the Prime Path. He wasn’t in any hurry, he didn’t think it would be very hard to convince Tommy to come make sweaters.

Where was Tommy, anyways?

Ghostbur checked Tommy’s house first, but he wasn’t there.

“Tommy!” Ghostbur called. “Tommy?”

He got no response, so he continued down the Prime Path towards L’mahole.

As he walked down the wooden stairs, he looked to L’mahole- and holy frick. Huh??

Instead of a glass-covered crater, there was a beautiful hole with plants growing all over, reclaiming the crater. A river was flowing into the hole, collecting at a pool at the bottom.

What happened?? They were just at L’mahole before they went to the Community House, and it definitely didn’t look like this. It hadn’t even been that long, when had this happened? Did time move faster or something in Resurrectedbur’s time? What the heck was going on??

He shook his head- he would ask Resurrectedbur about that later- and continued down the Path. Once he got to the bottom, he started to look around.

“Tommy?” Ghostbur called again. “Tommy!”

He walked down the edge of the crater, admiring the nature while continuing to call out for Tommy.

“Ghostbur?”

Ghostbur turned to the voice to see Tommy standing up from where he was sitting on the edge of the crater. His Friend- Pal- was eating grass right next to him.

Ghostbur smiled. “Tommy! Hi!”

“Hi,” Tommy tilted his head. “What are you.. doing? You’re with Wilbur, right? Time travelling?”

“Yeah, don’t worry,” Ghostbur walked over to him. “So, I have a proposition for you.”

Tommy sat down next to Pal again. “What is it?”

“It’s actually for you and Pal!” Ghostbur sat across from him. “How does a sheep cult sound to you?”

“Love it,” Tommy said immediately. “How do I get in this cult?”

“Just come with me!” Ghostbur grinned.

“To where?” Tommy asked.

“The Community House,” Ghostbur replied. “Where our meetings are!”

“Hmm,” Tommy hummed. “What do you even do in this cult?”

“We make sweaters!” Ghostbur smiled widely. “And shear the sheep, and just have a good time overall!!”

Tommy raised an eyebrow. “...that doesn’t sound like a cult.”

“Oh it’s not,” Ghostbur shrugged. “But Spirit called it a cult and I don’t want to ruin his fun.”

Tommy blinked. “Okay then. Who else is in this ‘cult’?”

“Just me, Spirit, and Blue, right now, but hopefully you and the Wilburs will join!” Ghostbur answered.

“Blue?” Tommy asked.

“Oh right, you haven’t met him yet,” Ghostbur’s eyes widened. “He’s me but from December 16th!”

Tommy nodded slowly. “O...kay.”

Ghostbur stood up. “So shall we get going?”

Tommy stood up and grabbed Pal’s leash, pulling some wheat out too. “Let’s go.”

Ghostbur led them down the Prime Path. Up the stairs, turn right, and go all the way down to the Community House.

When they got to the Community House, Ghostbur noticed Spirit up on the top floor, hunched over something.

Ghostbur went inside and climbed up the stairs, Tommy close behind him. They got Pal up with little struggle.

“Oh, hi!” Spirit waved, looking up from where he was shearing Bud. “Tommy!”

“Hi,” Tommy waved back, tying Pal’s leash to the fence that Friend, Bud, and Companion were also tied to.

Ghostbur sat down next to Spirit, and Tommy sat next to him, the three of them forming a half-circle, leaving places for other people.

“So, what do you guys do?” Tommy asked again.

“We make sweaters and take care of the sheep,” Spirit said, not looking up from shearing Bud. “It’s really fun, from the one and a half meetings we’ve had so far!”

Tommy glanced at Pal. “Should I start shearing Fri- Pal?”

“Sure!” Ghostbur nodded. “I can start on Friend!”

Ghostbur opened the chest behind Spirit and took two pairs of shears, handing one to Tommy and taking one for himself. He then untied Friend from the fence and gently pulled him away from the other sheep, giving them all room. He started to shear.

Tommy also started to shear, surprisingly not awkwardly. Ghostbur thought that he would've not been very experienced with it, since he didn't have any sheep to shear.

“We’re back!”

Ghostbur looked down to the lower floor of the Community House to see Blue, holding L’mabur’s hand, who looked very confused. “Come on up!”

Blue and L’mabur came up the stairs, Blue immediately untying Companion and gently pulling him next to Ghostbur and Friend. He grabbed some shears from the chest. L’mabur stood there awkwardly.

“Sit down,” Blue patted the ground next to him. “And help us with the sweaters!”

“Uh. Okay?” L’mabur sat down in between Blue and Ghostbur.

“Who the hell are you two?” Tommy spoke up, looking at Blue and L’mabur.

“They’re Blue and L’mabur!” Ghostbur explained. “Blue is, like I mentioned earlier, me from December 16th, and L’mabur is Alivebur from sometime in early September that I forgot the date of!”

Tommy nodded, but kept staring at L’mabur. L’mabur either didn’t seem to notice, or just didn’t want to stare back.

“So,” Blue spoke up. “No luck with Deadbur and Alivebur?”

“Nope,” Spirit shook his head. “And Resurrectedbur?”

“He didn’t seem interested,” Blue shrugged.

“He said ‘good luck, you’ll be needing it’ as you dragged me away,” L’mibur raised an eyebrow.

“He didn’t seem interested,” Blue repeated.

They continued with the meeting, shearing the sheep, and instead of using crafting tables to sew it, L’mibur and Tommy showed the ghosts how to *actually* sew, since they apparently knew. Apparently they sewed L’miburg uniforms and the flag, and were both actually quite good with it.

That explained how Tommy knew how to shear sheep good...

Eventually, they all had their sweaters. For some reason, L’mibur’s seemed to be specifically way too big and fluffy. For some reason, Companion seemed to have less wool left on him than the other sheep, and for some reason, Blue found L’mibur’s sweater very funny. Huh.

“Ok, well, if we’re done, I should get going,” L’mibur said, starting to stand up. “I have um. Important things to do. Yeah.”

Ghostbur glanced at Blue, who glanced at him. The same gremlin grin was on their faces.

Blue looked at L’mibur, who was standing up now, and squinted. He then suddenly jumped up as L’mibur was trying to walk away, pushing him down to the ground and into Ghostbur.

“Sorry! You’re stuck here now!” Blue grinned, not sorry at all.

“What the hell!” L’mibur shouted. He had fallen onto Ghostbur, and Ghostbur had grabbed him.

Ghostbur was going to push him off so he could sit down, but he noticed something. “This is actually pretty comfy...”

“Wh-”

Blue smiled. “It is, yeah. Your sweater is very fluffy!”

“Is it now?” Spirit stood up, gently pulling Bud with him as he walked over. He sat down next to L’mibur, laying his head down on L’mibur’s chest. Bud sat next to him. “Oh shit, yeah, this is comfy. What did you different to this sweater?”

Ghostbur lightly grabbed Tommy’s arm and pulled him over into the cuddle pile. Tommy was holding onto Pal’s leash, so he got pulled over too.

Ghostbur smiled. This sheep cult was the best idea he had ever had.

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“L’mibur?” Resurrectedbur called as he walked down the Prime Path towards the Community House. “Blue? Where are you?”

He went into the Community House and looked around. No one was in there. He looked up and noticed a tiny little sheep tail hanging from the top floor.

Smiling, he walked up the stairs. When he got to the top, he stopped walking as soon as he saw what was in front of him, careful not to step on anyone.

Ghostbur, Blue, Spirit, and Tommy were all lying on L'manbur, all of them asleep. All four sheep were also leaning against L'manbur, the ghosts, and Tommy, making it even more comfy and fluffy. All of them were also wearing blue sweaters, except for L'manbur, who was wearing a mostly blue sweater with the L'manburg flag in the middle. L'manbur's sweater was also way fluffier and bigger than the other sweaters.

Resurrectedbur couldn't help but smile a stupid amount at the scene before him. It was so cute! He wondered if he should wake them up, but dismissed the thought. No one was in a hurry to do anything, and if he felt the pull of the universe when they were about to time travel, he could wake them up and try to find Alivebur and Deadbur then.

Besides, why disturb the cuddle pile?

## Chapter End Notes

some explanation for a few things:

-spirit doesn't know what a cult is while blue and ghostbur do bc he half forgot, half doesn't care and wants to call it a cult. aka i was going to make this more chaotic then i got fluff ideas :]

-yes, time is moving differently in resurrectedbur's time in the fic, because i cant update literally daily all in resurrectedbur's time so i jump a lot of time. last time i updated, it was before phil fixed the hole up. now its after that

-tommy is good at sewing bc i love the c!tommy seamster hc its just,,, amazing <3

-yes blue made lmanburs sweater way fluffier and bigger on purpose, tsmz zo my beloved for thinking of that :D

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